

Michael's Rendezvous

Michael Kristen came running off stage, the throbbing mob of fans still screaming the place down. You'd think he'd killed the front row instead of just the song.

Kristen ran the gauntlet of backslapping congratulators and well-wishers. Through the shoddy corridor and into the shoddy dressing room, Jimmy Davis fondling his drumstick collection and Bobby fixing his broken "e" string. A swig of spring water from a plastic bottle and a quick lipstick adjustment and Michael was out of there and heading for the car.

Cold night air, wet pavements, bright lights, petrol smell, rain smell, into the car. Chauffeur starting the engine. "OK Sid, get me to the church on time!" Sid chuckling at the joke and moving the car forward into traffic.

Michael Kristen was the hottest property in the rock world of 1974 with a power over audiences which echoed the sinister force of fascist rallies. Rumours claimed his mother was a virgin and his dad was extra-terrestrial. Kristen himself did nothing to confirm or deny these rumours.

In the back of the car he changed from stage glam clothing of white and silver to garments of midnight black and tones of dark green, navy and purple. His face seemed to change with the clothing. Something about his eyes looked older, impossibly old, Kristen still young as tomorrow.

The car moved swiftly through rain shiny streets of London, through suburbs, through narrow winding country roads of Surrey, until arriving, eventually, at a small churchyard far from any habitation.

Kristen gave his driver leave to "drive around for a bit, come back in an hour".

The churchyard was wet and muddy underfoot and Kristen headed straight for one particular structure, a sepulchre at the centre of three paths. An owl hooted. "Perfect" thought Kristen. The sepulchre was suddenly illuminated by moonlight and then Kristen was not alone.

She was taller than human height, perhaps three metres. Her three faces looking in the three directions of the churchyard paths. She looked upon Kristen and smiled kindly. "Good," she said, "You are on time. The dead version of you is impatient to re-unite."

"Good lady, isn't he always? And I suppose the real life version of me awaits the telling of a grand tale?"

"As always..." chuckled the Goddess and led Kristen into the sepulchre and then into the other world.

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